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Thorvaldsen and His Valet

COPENHAGEN is an old city too little visited by the hurskerry class of tourists who take Europe in one encyclopædic gulp and think 'one summer' quite sufficient for its digestion. It is a true Venice of the Vikings—quaint, high-colored, channelled and canalised by threads of glittering water, full of an architecture all its own, and tingling with a life, provincial if you choose to call it so, but none the less charming and individual on that account. The bright Danish faces, scoured like the surfaces of an old Dutch knocker, have a French airiness; the women are decidedly pretty; there is an indefinable 'style' in the midst of their very provincialism; and the streets present a panorama of sights and sounds that does not easily leave the memory. Perhaps it is the water that glitters in the mind: the perpetual, fresh, bustling, scampering Baltic; the playful canals full of tall-masted boats; the profiles of Swedish mountains looming across the sea; the showers mingled with shine that give the climate of Denmark in summer its Undine-like charm. It is the land (paradoxically enough) of water—of water-sprites, of nixie and mirage, of dissolving humidity and broken sunshine: in short, not so much the 'lost turquoise' which Balzac found again in a lovely Savoyard lake, as a pearl of great price unknown as yet to travellers, waiting ready to be discovered in its great Gothic mussel-shell on the edges of the Baltic.

Whatever be the causes that lodge this ancient burgh so tenderly in one's memory, once seen it is nevermore forgotten, though one may laugh at its absurd, much-married little court, its excessive pride and punctilio, its sensitiveness to criticism, and its lack of humility. One of the delightful experiences (after learning Danish enough to read Hans Andersen in the original) is 'mousing' among its old book-shops, in and out of venerable stalls where Eddas roost in dusty corners, and the poets of Denmark have turned to dust a second time and lie entombed on their high shelves. One of these rambles put me in possession of a quaint little paper-covered booklet entitled 'Træk af Thorvaldsens Kowstner-og Omgangsliv' ('Traits from the Social and Artistic Life of Thorvaldsen'), by C. F. Wilckens. Curiosity moved me to look over the little volume, more particularly as repeated visits to the magnificent Thorvaldsen Museum and the perusal of his biography by Thiele had made me feel a profound interest in the wonderful sculptor. Gradually Copenhagen for me had become Thorvaldsen and Thorvaldsen Copenhagen: everywhere I saw evidences of the exquisite genius of the Northman who combined the ruggedness of Thor with the ethereal grace of Ariel. To say that he was worshipped there is giving a faint idea of the adoration of Copenhagen for her child: altars are raised to him in every house and on every street corner; and one might as safely doubt the infallibility of Mohammed in the seraglio, as in Copenhagen place Canova or even Praxiteles on a line with the son of the woodcarver.

So far had the Thorvaldsen cult gone, that one smiled to see that it had even come to disprove a universal maxim: 'No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre'—except at

Copenhagen; and even this the great Talleyrand would have been forced to admit after reading the inimitable pamphlet just mentioned: for who is the modest 'C. F. Wilckens' but Thorvaldsen's valet? and what are his reminiscences but little pink-and-rosy cloudlets of congealed eulogy strung together in rose-colored prose and containing, each one, some delectable bit of Thorvaldsen *ana* titillating to the palate? Instead of turning his master inside out and wringing out his reins, as La Rochefoucauld would have done—making out of each foible a 'maxim,' out of each passion a *pensée*—the good Wilckens tumbles on his knees and holds up the bowl of his retentive memory to catch the pearls and diamonds that fall from his master's lips. Imagine Swift—that other lackey—writing a diary of Sir William Temple, or Rabelais let in on some unconscious archbishop: what spice, what pepper and salt, what Sheol-fire we should have had! But here is a good, sound, tender, ripe Northern clown fixed as his attendant sprite to the shoulder of a thaumaturge: he does not turn into a gadfly and sting his Io all round the heavens; nay, not he! His pen is a quill from the underwing of one of Venus's doves; it coos and murmurs with delight over its occupation; it is a rippling stream speeding along in a flush of gentle inanities; it is a good genie that not only pulls off stockings and hangs up coats, but records in simplest prose the hero's tender traits, a world of amiable characteristic, a train of lingering memories that it does one's heart good to read. Imagine the effect for an instant of turning one of Molière's valets autobiographically loose on Monsieur Jourdain or Monsieur le Marquis,—or even a *femme de chambre* on poor Madame. Wouldn't the feathers fly! No man is a hero to his valet—in France. That super-subtle malign race is too sophisticated to allow intrusive eyes and pottering fingers about *its* biography! Even good old Jonathas, in Balzac's 'Peau de Chagrin,' would be tempted, after the fashion of French *mémoristes*, to make fearful revelations about his beloved young master, and no bond of gratitude or wrench of conscience would hold back his malignity.

But up here in wet, murky, aurora-borealis-haunted Copenhagen, where men are half fish—up here in the misty land of Eddas and sagas, where one would think the blood not red at all—a people whose very souls were carbonized by blubber-eating,—here we find the truest, sweetest exhibition of human kindness: a great magician watched by his *famulus* and yet shown, with the cunning of Mephisto, to be an angel. And if ever a nature could endure this perpetual scalpel of the eyes, this perpetual penetration of a neighboring intelligence, it was Thorvaldsen's. His Northern flesh-mask enclosed an Italian nature: sunny, voluptuous, thrilling to the roots of its hair with artistic inspirations. A flake of Italian gold lay athwart his spirit; his spiritual affinities from the first were with Italy; the tendrils of his boy-nature curled Italy-ward; and he was never fully himself till he settled in the eternal sunshine of that Eternal City whose battlements overhung all his dreams, whose art-forms passed into his life, whose life was more truly his than it was any of the moderns'. Even Wilckens, buzzing about him like a busy gnat, perceives and records his longings for the South. He perceives, too, and records his many simple and noble traits—honesty, unostentation, simple frankness and rich geniality. It is not often that the North produces natures so rich, so large, so magnetic as Burns, Thorvaldsen or Tegnér: strange masses of magnetic ore that have shaped themselves into a soul, that sing or shine, dream or poetize as things impress them; to whom all things reveal themselves with glimmering edges; who have but to look into themselves for a poem, a triple felicity of the graces, a song or a picture.

Thorvaldsen, as revealed in this artless memoir, was a nature essentially *bourgeois*, commonplace, candid, and kind; but what went on in his soul one can see who watches the morning light play about the superb sculptures of the Frue Kirke, or evening gather about the dainty marble popu-

lation of the Thorvaldsen Museum. The phlegm of this doughy exterior was—carefully analyzed—what the ancient chymists called *phlogiston*: all fire and fancy: a classicism as delicate, as manycolored as Keats's, a power of sculptural delineation that had fed on the buoyant essences of antiquity, and reproduced the antique spirit in plaques and busts, in medallions and groups, instinct with the air of Greece. Thorvaldsen was a Northern Orpheus who had ventured far into the classic realm, and harped from out their resting-places the lovely spirits of the past. Poor Wilckens saw in him mainly an object to be washed and dressed, dined and wine: a being whose buttons wouldn't stay on, or cravat remain tied; a huge, careless creature, who even escorted the Queen through his garden in dressing-gown, and had no dinner things for his table. And yet, for all that, he guards him with a Madonna-like tenderness; he will not let him dine out when he is not well, nor will he admit intrusive or noisy visitors when Thorvaldsen is laboring in his studio. He is a humble Boswell, not a boisterous military secretary; and we see him trotting about Copenhagen, with the sculptor as his distant but delighted companion, the very reverse of a mocking Mascarille.

Happy the genius that can inspire a Wilckens! People are usually so unheroic before their valets that one can hardly twit the archness or the roguery of the latter, or their itching to communicate unsavory details. Thorvaldsen ultimately became so attached to Wilckens that he left him all manner of valuables in his will—autographs, first sketches of celebrated works, bric-à-brac, what not, besides providing for him for life. His truest monument is in these six-score pages of nothings.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

Reviews

The Mendelssohn-Moscheles Letters*

THE DOMINANT impression received from the letters of Mendelssohn to Ignaz Moscheles, recently published by Felix Moscheles, is of the extraordinary versatility of the writer's genius. Taken together with that variability of mood which seems inalienable from the creative artist, one wonders how the fluid nature of the man ever solidified into works such as he has left behind. But it is clear that whatever success Mendelssohn might have achieved with pen or brush, he was a musician from God's own hand. At one moment we see him uttering paeans of exultation over his compositions—not boastful, but innocent as a skylark challenging the gate of Heaven. Next, he is passing through one of those periodical attacks when, 'I see the world in pale gray tints, and when I despair of all things, especially of myself.' Or else, 'There are times when I should prefer being a carpenter or a turner, when all things look at me askance; and gladness and happiness are so far removed as to seem like words of a foreign tongue that must be translated, before I can make them my own.' But here comes the rebound: 'I rejoice like a child at the thought of next spring, of my dignity as a godfather' (this was in 1833, when Moscheles's first son, the editor of these letters, had recently been named for him), 'of green England, and a thousand things besides. My melancholy is beginning to vanish. I have again taken a lively interest in music and musicians, and have composed some trifles here and there; they are bad it is true, but they give promise of better things,—in fact, the fog seems lifting, and I again see the light.'

The intimacy illustrated by this abundant correspondence began in Berlin in 1824, with lessons in music given to Mendelssohn, at the solicitation of his father, by Ignaz Moscheles, a teacher whom the elder Mendelssohn-Bartholdy styled 'le prince des pianistes.' Even at the age of fifteen, Moscheles recognized in Felix 'a master, not a pupil,' soon to be lifted up to the right hand of devoted friendship, a tie

lasting until Mendelssohn's death in 1847. For the wife of his instructor, Mendelssohn conceived a grateful attachment. To her he was indebted for a thousand womanly hints and expressions of sympathy. She was 'his guide and mentor' on his entrance into London society, her keen intuition regarding his states of mind being exemplified by his whimsical illustration: 'If I wanted bread at dinner, you used to say in an undertone "Some bread to Mr. Mendelssohn."' He would report to her his progress in learning to tie his cravat, and meekly receive from her lectures about 'such trifling peccadilloes as talking German at dinner, not carving at the Stones', having threadbare coat buttons, and not paying compliments *à la* Hummel.' To her drawing-room, he would threaten to resort, 'with a cab-full of manuscript, and play you all to sleep.' The glimpses of occasions when he and Moscheles would meet to 'coquette together on the piano' are delightful, if tantalizing. One such evening, for example, is thus described by Felix Moscheles: 'Mendelssohn and my father were sitting down to the piano to improvise as only they could, playing together or alternately, and pouring forth a never-failing stream of musical ideas. A subject once started, it was caught up as if it were a shuttlecock; now one of the players would seem to toss it up on high, or to keep it balanced in mid-octaves with delicate touch. Then the other would take it in hand, start it on classical lines, and develop it with profound erudition, until, perhaps, the two, joining together in new and brilliant forms, would triumphantly carry it off to other spheres of sound.'

Most interesting to musicians, of all this sparkling chronicle, no doubt, will prove the free comments made by Mendelssohn upon the musical achievements of his contemporaries—comments on account of which the editor has thought it best, until now, to withhold the publication of the volume. Hear Mendelssohn cry out upon the productions of the once-popular composer Henri Herz:

Why should I hear those variations by Herz for the thirtieth time? They give me as little pleasure as rope-dancers or acrobats. . . . I only wish it were not my lot to be constantly told that the public demand that kind of thing. I am one of the public, and demand the very reverse. [Again:] I positively dislike Thalberg's work as regards the composition; and the good piano passages seem to me of no earthly use, so little soul there is in them. I could no more play his music than I could ever make up my mind to play a note of Kalkbrenner's; it goes against my nature, and I should feel mean if I attempted such finger-work with a serious face. . . . [In 1835:] Heller has written two books of songs he had better have left unwritten. I so wish I could admire it all; but it is so little to my taste, that I cannot. [In 1839:] We recently played a most remarkable and interesting symphony by Franz Schubert. It is, without doubt, one of the best works we have lately heard. Throughout bright, fascinating, and original, it stands quite at the head of his instrumental works. . . . [In the same year, he writes:] And old Cherubini? There's a man for you. I have got his 'Abencerrages,' and am again and again enjoying his sparkling fire, his clever and unexpected transitions, and the neatness and grace with which he writes. I am truly grateful to the fine old gentleman. It is all so free, so bold, so bright.

Of Chopin's book of 'Mazurkas, and a few new pieces,' Mendelssohn says, in 1835, 'they are so mannered they are hard to stand;' but of Chopin as a performer, he says, a few years later: 'Why has Chopin never been to England? He has more soul in his little finger than all Dohler [a piano lion of the day, in London] has from top to toe.' Liszt's playing pleased Mendelssohn more than did his lack of original talent: 'His playing, which is quite masterly, and his subtle musical feeling, that finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delighted me. His rapidity and suppleness, above all, his playing at sight, his memory, and his thorough musical insight, are qualities quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. The only thing that he seems to me to want is true talent for composition, I mean really original ideas.' But with Berlioz, Mendelssohn appears utterly unable to find a point of sympathy. In 1834, he writes to Moscheles: 'What you say of Berlioz's overture, I thoroughly agree with. It is a chaotic, prosaic piece

* Felix Mendelssohn's Letters to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles. Translated and edited by Felix Moscheles. 81. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

and yet more humanly conceived than some of his others. His orchestration is such a frightful muddle, such an incongruous mess, that one ought to wash one's hands after handling one of his scores. Besides, it is really a shame to set nothing but murder, misery, and wailing to music. He seems so thoroughly sensible, and yet he does not perceive that his works are such rubbishy nonsense.

Apart from the criticism of others, Mendelssohn's letters are full of most interesting discussion of his own progress in musical composition. Charming, too, are the glimpses they afford of his married life, the social side of his nature, his boyish enjoyment of the companionship of his friends. On Feb. 3, 1847, his last birthday was celebrated in gayest fashion, with charades, musical impromptus and amateur theatricals, for which all available domestic talent was enlisted. Cécile Mendelssohn, as a soubrette; Moscheles as cook; Joachim, masquerading as Paganini, with a brilliant improvisation on the G string; a juvenile orchestra, led by Joachim, this time with a toy violin—such were the attractions of the fête, which Mendelssohn enjoyed, laughing until his arm-chair creaked. On the fourth of November following, Moscheles was summoned to the deathbed of his friend. Much of the acceptability of this volume is due to the excellent translation into English of the German originals of the letters; and the fac-similes of Mendelssohn's notes, drawings, and scores, with which the pages are plentifully besprinkled, add vastly to the enjoyment of the reader.

Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books" *

THERE was both a singing and a psalming side to the 'spacious times of great Elizabeth,' one of which took as its watchword the Propertian 'Vivamus, Lesbia, atque amemus;' the other was kindled of that fire that touched Isaiah's lips. It is both curious and interesting to watch the two fires—one roseate, blooming, anacreontic, caressing, full of Amaryllis and Corydon and life-joy; the other, parallel with it, devotional, super-sensuous, purified, all renunciation, penitence, tears: both carving their way in brilliant lines through the heart of Elizabeth's reign and filling it with murmurs of delight and cries of self-abhorrence. The dualism (which is no imaginary one) comes out sharply in Mr. Bullen's dainty posy of Tudor song, in which he has united the twin streams—the twin peaks of the penitential and the epicurean Parnassus—and brought before us a treasure of strange singing and strange psalming such as throve in the contradictory times of Shakspeare and Spenser. In looking over the old music-books of these times, many of which are still in MS., Mr. Bullen, already well-known as an accomplished Elizabethan editor and scholar, was struck with the wealth of melodious verse accompanying the music, much of which had been overlooked by anthologists or allowed to tarry in their forgotten hiding-places unedited.

Just as the Roman and Greek jewelry forms the most exquisite art-work left to us by Greek and Roman, so the songs of a nation often express its soul in a fashion more exquisite than thousand-line plays or heavy histories. They are tear-bottles, phials encasing rare perfumes, grains of amber, splinters of precious stone: anything that characterizes what a literature has produced of rarest and most perfect, reflecting and breathing its life in many-colored ways. In the present gleaning-book of lyrics the names of Campion, Dowland, Robert Jones, and Bateson stand out carved in relief, hung with many-tasselled verse not hitherto garnered in any general treasury. Mr. Bullen avoids the hackneyed and the well-known, and gives only the new and untouched. His divisions are: love-poems; devotional verse; *tristia*; and *varia*; and in each of these pigeon-holes there are treasures of love and devotion, of melancholy and variety. All have the Elizabethan accent, now wanton and harmonious, now elegiac and tender, anon mocking and egoistic.

* Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books. Edited by A. H. Bullen. Revised edition. \$1.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

How fortunate that we have a guild of literary *glaneurs* like Mr. Bullen, who follow behind the big editors and big editions, and pick up these delightful things! Otherwise much of what is most precious might have suffered shipwreck.

Among these 'strays' are the following lovely lines of Campion:

THOU

When thou must home to shades of underground
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White lope, blithe Helen and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake.
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how—thou didst murder me!

Theodore Roosevelt as Ranchman and Hunter *

TO BORROW an image from the design on the cover, Mr. Roosevelt may be said to fairly lasso the reader's attention at the outset, and to hold it to the last page of his new book. His text, from Browning, is to the effect that life is worth living for its own sake under conditions that bring all of a man's faculties into action; and Mr. Roosevelt seems to have found these conditions in the cattle country of the far West, and on the Rockies. He enjoys pulling a cow out of the mud or breaking in a broncho with any cowboy of them all; and, if he has not himself made a tender-foot dance (by firing off a revolver at his toes), or helped to incarnadine a frontier town, he looks on these amusements with an indulgent eye. But the reader will probably think him at his best when he is on the mountains after wapiti, or big-horn sheep, or the white goat of the high peaks. At any rate, he will be thankful that among the civilized tastes Mr. Roosevelt always bears with him is that for fine books, as to it is doubtless due the sumptuous make-up of the present volume—its large type, liberal margins, plentiful illustrations, and paper stiff and smooth as the bosom of that garment for which the typical wild Westerner has little liking—the 'boiled shirt.'

The cattle country of which he writes is the northern half of a great belt which extends from the Canadian border to Texas. Here, while far fewer cattle are raised than in the East, the stock industry is the only one; the entire country is a vast grazing run in which cowboys and branding irons take the place of fences. It is a monotonously dreary region, its vast tracts of very poor grass land broken only by alkali deserts or an occasional chain of buttes. The stockmen who occupy it were, most of them, originally from the South. Their migrations in search of fresh fields in the river bottoms, the building of the ranch and the patriarchal stage of progress when one is settled at a safe distance from a 'cow town' and bad whiskey, are described in the opening chapter. It is an idyllic picture varied by shooting and hanging; and the contrast drawn between the ranch owner and his brother millionaire of the East is not flattering to the latter. After this, there is nothing for it but to repeat, elaborate, bring up new details; but the reader no more grows tired of it all than of Homer's numerous rosy-fingered Dawns. In the chapter on 'The Home Ranch,' we are told of the everyday life of a ranchman—roping in, rounding up, pot-hunting, breaking in horses; and are taught how he usually spends his evenings stretched on skins before his fire; and, by way of variety, how the river-bottoms and prairies look in spring, decked with fresh grass and flowers. There is, now and then, a touch or two of novelty; as in the casual remark that the cowboys are the only laboring men in the world who always wear gloves, and in the noticing of horned frogs in the wheel-tracks. The birds are mostly like those

* Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. By Theodore Roosevelt. \$5. New York: The Century Co.

of the East, only each has some marked point of difference. The bluebird is blue all over; the flicker has orange quills, instead of yellow; the meadow-lark and all the songbirds have a fuller and a richer song. The whippoorwill, on the other hand, has grown laconic and has dropped the first syllable of his cry.

Sleeping in the open air, during a round-up, covered with mosquitoes, breakfasting on fat pork and hot biscuits, and riding hard after scattered cattle constitute the most exciting, and therefore the pleasantest, part of the ranchman's ordinary existence; but in winter he has to face something like desolation: the blizzard, or the terrible windless cold which turns the land into granite, is upon him. He sleeps by the great fireplace heaped with logs, under a weight of blankets. There is less work, but what there is involves hardship and exposure. At such times, the burning coal-mines with their tall columns of smoke rising out of the snow, their sulphurous smell, the red cleft in the earth, and tongues of blue or orange flame are peculiarly uncanny looking. Every few years there is a particularly bad winter. One of these was two years ago, when the cattle died by thousands, and fences had to be built about the windows to keep those which reached the ranch from poking their heads in. In March when the snow melted the country looked as if it had been shaved with a razor. Neither stock nor grass was left.

The wild flavor of the book heightens toward the end. Fearful tales of starvation, murder and treachery alternate with stories of duels in the streets and of private wars between ranches. Hunting yarns about blacktail and big-horns succeed; and the author is never weary of recounting the praises of his dogs, Rob and Brandy. The illustrations, by Mr. Remington, are almost photographic in their apparent accuracy. There are both pen-drawings and woodcuts, and all are printed with the care which is to be expected of the De Vinne Press.

Balg's Comparative Glossary of Gothic*

GOthic is so important to the student of English philology, that we do not wonder at Dr. Balg's effort to make it more available for purposes of etymology and comparison. Skeat, in his 'Mæso-Gothic Glossary' (Clarendon Press), had already done this incidentally, but in a way far too amateurish to be of real value to the hunter after roots and analogies, hints and kinships. The big English Philological Society's Dictionary recognizes the supreme importance of Gothic to English etymology, and under the lead of Dr. Murray and Henry Bradley is making thorough and exhaustive tracings of English root-words to their Gothic sister-forms. Seeing that Gothic is to the Teutonic sisterhood what Sanskrit is to the Indo-European group in general, its importance for the proper and thorough study of English and German cannot be over-estimated. Dr. Balg's Comparative Glossary therefore is very welcome, and will perhaps help through its very deficiencies to advance the study. Misprints, misspellings and prolixities are, we suppose, unavoidable in a work of this kind; but the author is on the whole to be congratulated on the general accuracy of his work. Much valuable space might have been saved by the use of a less cumbersome set of abbreviations, *plus* and *minus* marks, equation symbols, single letters, open triangles pointing different ways, etc.—the usual stock-in-trade of dictionaries that require condensation. The print is excellent, however.

Dr. Balg follows faithfully the luminaries (who are not always the lights) of comparative linguistic science. He shows abundant knowledge of Skeat, Schade, Bader, E. Müller, Kluge, Diez, Scherer, Osthoff, Paul, Branne, Brugmann, and Diefenbach—superabundant knowledge indeed, for he is led off by the prattle of his philological symposiarchs into all sorts of side-tracks, abundantly interesting doubtless, but mere blind alleys here. Thus, under *alls*, *bairhts*, *baurd*,

baurgs, we are 'spirited off,' as in some linguistic trance, to all sorts of side-etymologies and side-associations connected with the word in question only by the merest filament. Other objections that have been made to this Glossary are that it lugs in unnecessary knowledge, quotes over frequently the elementary phonetic laws of Anglo-Saxon, is often obscure in its statements, and omits many valuable cognates and derivatives while showering us with a superfluity of other things. A Gothic glossary wrought to its extreme of exhaustiveness and accuracy, on the plan of Dr. Balg's but going beyond it, would be invaluable to many people, especially to compilers of popular dictionaries in a hurry for their etymologies ready-made. There is really no reason why one should not be prepared. The present work is promising and is noticeably free from serious errors, though it occasionally (as under *dags* and *balgs*) misquotes or misreads the authorities. Moreover, where is the preface promised by Dr. F. A. March? We seriously object to the German habit of putting prefaces at the back-door, for without them we often cannot grasp the purpose of an author.

"Kisses of Fate"

MR. EDGAR SALTUS has what is known in the dramatic profession as an under-study; should the High-Priest of Pessimism break down while performing any of his sacerdotal duties, or while doing any of his little chores around the Chamber of Horrors, he has a disciple who could catch up the smouldering censer of fate and deftly snuff out the blaze ere a single ray of gladness had been given to the world. This literary double is Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, and the proof of what we say is at the command of any one who will read a collection of his clever tales, published with a verse of Amélie Rives on the title-page; two poems, the first of which is an overshot sonnet; a whole page devoted to an alleged Oriental character, which reminds one of the binding of a pack of fire-crackers; and a 'foreword' addressed to the elect 'who have plucked the Dead Sea Fruit of Hope.' The 'foreword' quotes from, and refers the casual Philistine to, 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment.'

The title of this volume (which came near being called 'Ashes of the Future') is 'Kisses of Fate.' The kisses referred to are three in number—that is, if we apportion them equally, allowing one to each story,—and are so essentially alike in smack and flavor that we do not hesitate to pronounce them the kisses of one sister. Of this we are glad. It is nice to know that the Fates have not made a family matter of it. We are glad, too, for the sake of the creator of 'Mr. Incoul.' There has been so much of the 'Dead Sea Fruit of Hope' in the market, that of course he could not expect to hold his corner; still, it will be natural that he should not relish this effort to work the Defunct Marine Commodity as a joint-venture. Indeed, the intrinsic merit of Mr. Heron-Allen's stories is so great and their conception and execution so striking that should their parentage be laid at the door of the Philosopher of Disenchantment, he may confidently take them into the bosom of his literary household. In the matter of gloom they will do him credit, while in grace and finish they will reflect his own progeny at its best—unless association with little Tristrem should sully their brightness.

These tales show a constructive talent of no mean order. The author has a keen sense of dramatic situations and a delicacy in suggesting his salient points and in 'washing in' his characters which indicate the cultivated fancy of an experienced writer, or the fanciful genius of a younger one. It is because of the possession of these rare qualities that we regret his matriculation in the darkly dismal school with which we are thoroughly 'disenchanted' without waiting to understand its 'philosophy'—a school whose highest function seems to be to close the eyes of hopeful mortals so that for them the sun shall cease to shine. We have never regarded

* A Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language, with especial reference to English and German. By G. H. Balg, Ph.D. Parts I., II., III., IV. Aai—Loucan. 40 cts. per part. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

* Kisses of Fate. By Edward Heron-Allen. 50 cts. New York: Belford, Clark & Co.

Hubert and his red-hot irons as a charming historical personage, yet to put out the eyes of sanguine humanity is certainly the highest feat achieved by those of this school who are most successful in applying its teachings. The strong motives of life, like its strong men, are most dangerous when directed amiss. No temple is so sacred—nothing in life so firmly established—but that blind force may destroy it. A blind Samson is a pitiable object, nothing more. But, in the name of humanity, there are some sacred edifices around whose pillars the arms of a blinded Samson should not be placed.

Page's "Two Little Confederates" *

THE WAR is so perilous a topic for literary treatment that one cannot but wonder at the temerity of some writers, more especially Southern ones, in approaching it. The increasing liberality of the age, however, is strikingly shown in the success with which it occasionally can be done, when lightness of touch, true delicacy of feeling, and sincere desire to be just as well as pathetic and dramatic, combine as in the present volume to bridge over the dangerous chasm. We pass lightly over the burning crust, the still glowing embers, allured by the skill and art with which Mr. Page avoids objectionable subjects and beckons us into the airy distances beyond by his humor and imagination. To one who, like the reviewer, the War was all too real, even so graphically flowing a memory as this little book appeared at first too painful. We were personally familiar with all the scenes and lands about the 'Oakland' of the text—the 'slashes,' the washed-out plantations, the saffron-hued highways, the stunted pines and stunted whites that somehow manage to thrive there. It seemed pitiful to evoke the vanished Confederacy, now slumbering under the sod, even as a background for the entertaining adventures of Frank and Willie, Hugh and Cousin Belle, the General and the deserters—that crust is still so thin! Yet as we read on, Mr. Page finally delighted us with his self-restraint and inoffensiveness: we were peeping over his shoulder through the eye-glasses of his own autobiography: it was a chapter of 'Ole Virginia' again; somehow our eyes moistened over the unsought tenderness of one or two of the incidents, and we ultimately forgave the author for venturing on 'forbidden ground.' Is not such a confession the best praise that can be given the book—the evidence that its art has triumphed? The characters in it are so natural that we see them and are spectators of their little drama—their capturing the henhouse thief, the deserter, the pigs, and all. We fancy we have met Cousin Belle and her gallant lover many a time since they married, and the incident of the dead soldier is such as all of us might have witnessed, yet so truly, so tenderly told that tears come unbidden and we lament, not over the lost Confederacy, but over the lost lives—lives, like Dupont's, wasted in useless struggle.

Recent Fiction

DR. EGGLESTON'S interesting story, 'The Graysons,' which has recently been running in *The Century*, has now appeared in book form. The reading public is familiar with the simple outline of the tale, the false accusation of murder against a lad in Illinois and Abraham Lincoln's conduct of the case. On re-reading the story, what forces itself most strongly upon one's mind is the remarkable knowledge of human nature which the author displays throughout the book. Never for a moment does one feel that a false step in the development of character has been made. None of those subtle laws which govern the relation between a man's nature and his actions have been broken—a temptation so easily succumbed to when a novelist wishes to force a dramatic point. Another notable thing about the book, which is perhaps not surprising when we remember its authorship, is the faithful reproduction of the extreme limitations of a primitive people—the limitations not only of mind and the cordial expression of the social feelings, but of actual spirituality, as if spirit could not live in an atmosphere of dogged struggle with the brute forces of nature. The exulting readiness and the three

attempts of half the town's people to lynch the accused boy before his trial shocks the sensibilities of a civilization that believes in retarding punishment rather than precipitating it. The climax of the story, simple as it is, is well sustained, and the humor of some of the situations and the artistic treatment of the shallow Rachel and her lovers, show the hand of a master. We shall be glad to welcome the later edition of the book, which Dr. Eggleston promises shall contain as an appendix some of the interesting letters which he has received from old neighbors of President Lincoln in regard to his and the other actors' connection with the trial. (\$1.50. The Century Co.)

'HER Great Idea, and Other Stories,' by L. B. Walford, is a collection of tales of an extremely juvenile order, and there are also little parlor-plays and rhymes, neither so clever nor so original as those found in our magazines for young people. To tell for just what class of readers the book is intended would puzzle one. The stories are too old and too long for the kindergarten, too short and too young for children only a few years older. For the intelligent child of to-day demands a story constructed very much on the plan of his elders' fiction, and he who would fabricate such tales must, like the little doll's dressmaker, pay strict attention to the styles in vogue in the great world. (\$1. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.)—'THE REBEL ROSE' belongs to a class of novels which English writers love to write and which inferentially British readers must care to read. The author's characters are all politicians, professional or amateur—male and female created he them.' The creation of so many scheming and intriguing people must have been a strain upon the anonymous author's fertility, even when varied by the quasi-political or 'lay and lady' element. The book is a cross between 'Pelham' and 'Lothair,' with all the elements which made these novels notable omitted. Regarded simply as a society novel, it is well-written, entertaining and not improbable reading. As a description of Mr. Gladstone's purposes, or as a prophecy as to the fate of present political movements, it has about the ordinary value of a *priori* prophecies. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

WHEN intellectual men and thoughtful women turn their attention to the conditions of social and civil life and give their views and the results of their investigations to the world in a readable form, literature has certainly taken a step in the direction of ethics. Dr. E. E. Hale's 'My Friend the Boss' is a story which treats of an imaginary Western city and its various questions of temperance, labor, elections, educations, music, etc. John Fisher, 'the Boss,' a man who has risen from the ranks, is a manufacturer of large means. He gives, not only his money, but his time and mind to the vital questions of the hour,—from the laying of a cornerstone and the providing new instruments for a musical society to the highest municipal affairs. There is a slight romance running through the story, and the men and women, though ideal rather than real types, are strong and interesting in their personality; and the subjects talked about and the suggestions given are all of that intelligent practical character which has made Dr. Hale as successful a man of affairs as he is a director of thought. (\$1. Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co.)—'A FLURRY in Diamonds,' by Amos Chiptree, is a detective story presumably intended for railroad consumption. The plot is meagre; and the detective business is explained as it proceeds by the amiable 'Sloane,' who is the Hawkshaw of the occasion. The story is well adapted to its object, as it may enable the tired traveller to lose for a few moments the sense of the ennui of railroading, while it is not likely to prove so engrossing that he is in any danger therefrom of being carried past his station. (25 cts. Rand, McNally & Co.)

'THE SEARCH for the Star,' by Edward Willett, is one of those frameworks of stories on which to pin the accounts of thrilling adventure that are supposed to transport boys into the region of emulous envy. 'The Star' was a family heirloom of priceless diamonds which had been stolen by a Canadian servant, and it was the search for this man through all the perils of the North woods that gave occasion for the expedition. Two boys and a guide at the beginning of winter start out to discover his whereabouts. The mysterious dangers of the 'Hunting of the Snark' pale before those encountered in the search for the Star, and not even the riotous imagination of youth could invent more varied or ingenious adventures. These modern Jasons are treed by bears, hunted by wild-cats, pursued by wolves, and attacked by moose. From the zoölogical dangers they easily defended themselves, but the convulsions of nature unfortunately are proof against unerring aim, duckshot and cartridges. However, as a tornado, a forest fire and a cloudburst in no way injured the hunters, we may presume that they bear a charmed life and will live to populate a 'series.' At least

* Two Little Confederates. By Thomas Nelson Page. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the 'Star' was found, and it proved not to be a Boojum. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

IN 'ZYTE,' by Hector Malot, we have one of those delightful *genre* pictures which give us such an insight into a civilization and social life foreign to our own. Zyte is a little French actress—a veritable *artiste*—the daughter of strolling players. All her life she had lived in a van, and one gets vivid impressions of the quaintness of the life; of the ingenious arrangement of the tables and beds that by pulleys could be hoisted to the ceiling of the van when they were not in use; of the simple-minded, pious mother, who cooked the meals in the daytime and at night played the haughty and cruel queen; of the actors, who were besides carpenters and painters; of scraggy fourteen-year-old Marietta, who made up for anything from a page to a lady in waiting, and who had always to be dragged out of the village bookshop to be made to get into her stage clothes. It was after Zyte went to Paris to create a part at the Odéon that life really began in earnest for her. It perhaps need not be said that in proportion as her public life became brilliant and successful, her private love-life became troubled, until finally her weak rich husband permitted his father on a mere pretence to instigate proceedings for a divorce, and Zyte after four years of Parisian life is deprived of her husband and child. We cannot disabuse ourselves of the impression that several of the characters are taken from real life—a suspicion the more credible since French *littérateurs* as a rule are so entirely *en rapport* with the artist world of Paris. (30 cts. Frederick Warne & Co.)

'THE MEDIATION OF RALPH HARDELLOT,' by William Minto, is an historical novel. It treats of the times of Richard II., and in general effect the historical element swallows up the fictitious. Its style is vigorous; its facts as to the prominent personages and events are accurate; but as a whole it is not pleasing. The faculty of weaving engrossing fiction upon the frame of history has not been accorded to many writers, although great names are connected with the effort. In general attempt Mr. Minto reminds us more of Mr. G. P. R. James than of any other successful venturer in these fields. To equal James would be no mean measure of success. After Scott and Bulwer it is doubtful whether any one comes a good third if James does not. Despite his solitary horseman and a certain cut-and-dried cast of romantic character and incident, he alone of the crowd of aspirants has succeeded in producing a series of stories based upon history in which the imaginary and the real are so blended that the fictitious increases our interest in the real, while the historical gives body and dignity to the romance. To say that Mr. Minto has achieved a like success would overstate the measure of his performance. But we can truly say that his novel is dignified and shapely, and that it indicates close research into a period of English history in regard to which little is, although more ought to be, known. (30 cts. Harper & Bros.)

Minor Notices

'GRÖBER'S GRUNDRISSE der Romanischen Philologie' is a cyclopædic collection of linguistic articles composed by twenty-five specialists upon the wide-stretching domain of the Romance or neo-Latin languages. Prof. G. Gröber, the originator of this voluminous and useful publication, has succeeded in gaining the best talent for the accomplishment of his work, of which the first volume is now published by Trübner, at Strassburg. The bulk of well-digested information contained in these pages is simply enormous; it extends not only over the grammar and literature of eight Romance literary languages, but embraces all known dialects, and the history, metrics, stylistics and philologic transmission of the languages down to our times, and also treats of the extinct tongues which have influenced the formation of the Romanic languages as they are spoken at present. The article on the French and Provençal languages is by H. Suchier; on Italian, by Fr. d'Ovidio and W. Meyer; Catalan by A. Morel-Fatio; Spanish, by G. Baist; Portuguese, by J. Corré; Rhetoromanic by Th. Gartner, and Rumaenic, by H. Tiktin; while other treatises of general import bearing on the subject of the Romance languages are furnished by G. Gröber, W. Schum, A. Tobler, E. Windisch, G. Gerland and W. Deecke. The next volume will contain sketches of the literatures of all these southern European languages.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his best-known essays, has described with not unkindly satire the art by which any great library may be made a book-manufactory, wherein new tomes are put together at slight cost and in speedy time, from discreetly-gathered scraps of old ones. The art is as popular as ever, and one of its pleasant and clever followers is Prof. William Mathews, whose 'Wit and Humor: their Use and Abuse' does not essentially differ

from the preceding books of the author, whatever their themes. Nor, on our part, does there seem to be any reason for modifying the critical judgments we have ventured to pass upon Prof. Mathews's books, in the earlier or later issues of this journal. The dozen chapters of the present work are an agreeable, varied, sensible, and often instructive miscellany of quotations and opinions, venerable or fresh, upon a perennial theme of talk and writing. It is the very book for those who wish to read without trouble and to think without originality. Prof. Mathews addresses, by means of respectable but never commanding essays, the very large and excellent class which the late Susan Warner charmed in fiction, and the general results of his humble but persevering labors are salutary in promoting a taste for reading and in aiding to develop character. (\$1.50. S. C. Griggs & Co.)

GEORGE BELL & SONS, the present proprietors of the well-known Bohn libraries, do not propose to be outstripped in the race for popularity in the issue of cheap editions of standard books. Solid additions are constantly made to the Bohn series proper; while the smaller, cheaper and prettier Bohn's Select Library of Standard Works, though lately started, already includes eighteen volumes, daintily bound in delicate green, with neat stamps in red and black ink. Most of the issues, but not all, are from existing Bohn plates, and the price is 1s. 6d., which Scribner & Welford interpret as meaning sixty cents in America. The latest volumes are 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' Dr. Pauli's essay on 'Oliver Cromwell,' and a new edition of Charlotte A. Eaton's contemporary account of her sights and experiences of 'Waterloo Days.'

The Magazines

AS FAR as it is possible to foretell from the opening chapters, *The Century* did well to inaugurate its thirty-seventh volume with a novel by a new author, on an unhackneyed theme. The past ten years have done a great deal towards disproving Henry James's complaint that America offers no picturesque background for romance, and that for this default her fiction-weavers are driven to lay their scenes on other shores. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has opened up a vein of silver which practically has not been worked in fiction, and she and her inevitable followers may yet do with the French colonization of Champlain and the Chevalier La Salle what Cable and his school have done for that of Louisiana, and what Helen Jackson has done for the Spanish in 'Ramona.' 'The Romance of Dollard' begins in the marriage mart at Quebec, A.D. 1660, where the half-tamed *coureurs de bois, censitaires*, trappers, soldiers and the whole renegade, rank and file of a pioneer settlement had gathered to select wives from the motley shipload of women that the King had sent over from France to propagate the colony. Dollard, the Sieur des Ormeaux and Commandant, has strolled into the mart to watch the affair's progress; the noble and beautiful Claire Laval, who has fled hither from her home and the throng of suitors, is also a spectator of the same mildly Sabine rites. Their eyes meet. They have loved before. All is marrying and giving in marriage,—and here the 'Romance of Dollard' begins. Turning from this tale of the French in the North we have in Mr. Cable's 'Strange True Stories of Louisiana' further tales of the same race, in the South. Both Mrs. Catherwood's and Mr. Cable's stories are founded on fact; the latter more definitely so; and of both we are to have the best parts hereafter. In Murat Halstead's paper we are still with the French, but in the mother country, the time being that of the Franco-Prussian War. 'Gravelotte Witnessed and Revisited' is a vivid and highly entertaining bit of war history. Mr. Halstead followed the German army as war-correspondent, and was a spectator of the fearful battles waged, as he has it, on a field 'as enchanting in its loveliness—for there is no land in this world that is fairer than this—as it is distinguished in history.' Speaking of Bazaine, Mr. Halstead says, in contradiction to prevalent opinion, that he was 'a good but not a great soldier, faithful to the Empire but not truly loyal, under the test of misfortune to France.' He also speaks of seeing Gen. Sheridan standing near the King in a dingy uniform; and again, while walking at night to Pont-à-Mousson, he caught another glimpse of him riding in a carriage with Bismarck, in white flannel cap. The first instalment of the 'Gallery of the Old Masters,' engraved by Cole from the Italian originals, with explanatory notes by himself and further text by W. J. Stillman, contains examples of Byzantine workmanship and a reproduction of Cimabue's Madonna and Child in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, which so disappointed Hawthorne. The Kennan and Hay-Nicolay papers are continued; and in both the 'Unpublished Letters of Lord Nelson' and 'The Guilds of the City of London' we find delightful reading. The number is rich in poetry; the impassioned verses of Joaquin Miller, 'Poverty Poveris,' will long ring in the memory.

There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seton
And Mary Carmichael and me

is the way the old lines run, if we remember rightly, and in them (historically inaccurate though they be) we find one of the strongest proofs of that innate loveliness of Marie Stuart, which tradition has handed down to us. That four young, beautiful and noble women gave up home and their beloved moors to follow her to the Court of France is not remarkable, for when was Paris to be resisted?—but that they should renounce in turn marriage and all the joys of 'high-hearted, witty, laughter-loving France,' to follow their widowed queen and throw their own fate in with her sad fortunes is more significant. The 'Four Maries' of the Queen of Scots who served her so devotedly in life have served her best in history; and their devotion to her and her cause is the best witness left us that there was something of rare womanliness in her nature after all. Modern criticism and Mr. Froude have rather stripped the veil of romance with which custom had so long draped her, and in the raw light of research her character as a whole is not an ennobling spectacle. In the flight of years three of the Queen's Maries took to themselves husbands and a different fate; but Mary Seton left her Queen only for the cloister. Mrs. Fenwick Miller's paper on this 'Woman's Friendship,' in *The Woman's World*, while not interpreting the Queen after the modern method, is an interesting bit of history about Mary Seton and incidentally about the other Maries. That is a very pretty and familiar picture the author constructs out of the time-worn letter of Elizabeth's Vice-Chamberlain—that of Mary Seton 'busking' Mary Stuart's hair; but it must have been a dull life enough, following her Queen from prison to prison and killing time with hawks and needlework. Miss Robinson's entertaining paper on 'A Walk through the Marais' is continued, with vivid, imaginative pictures of a heretic's burning and the assassination of M. L'Amiral, in which the faces of the cruel Catherine and the craven King stand out in silhouette against the horrors of that time.

Mr. William R. Thayer contributes to *The Atlantic* another of his entertaining Italian papers—this time on 'The Makers of Italy,' dealing with the four great souls whose lives were devoted to the unification and reformation of their fatherland—Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini. In a comparative characterization Mr. Thayer describes Victor Emmanuel as 'the standard-bearer, the incarnate symbol, of the Italian cause.'

Around him the majority of soldiers, statesmen, and citizens rallied. . . . They called him *Re Guatauluomo*—King Honest-Fellow,—and no epithet describes him better. Cavour was the statesman; he laid out the course on the chart, and steered the ship by it, let storms rage as they might. . . . Cavour embodied the wisdom and commonsense without which the Italian question could never have been settled. Garibaldi on the other hand was the hero, the representative of those popular emotions and sentiments which need but a proper channel in order to make their power irresistible. . . . Different from any of these three was Giuseppe Mazzini, the philosopher-apostle. Feeble in body, strong in intellect, indomitable in will, his endowments fitted him for high achievements in literature, and under other circumstances he might have spent his life tranquilly among his books. But his principles would not let him rest, and the frail nervous scholar became the arch-conspirator of the century, the terror of every sovereign in Europe.

'The After-Suppers of the King' is the title under which Ellen Terry Johnson, in the vivid, colloquial manner of Carlyle, reviews the court-life of Louis the Great. 'Heart he had none,' she writes. 'On the throne of life sat a supreme passion, himself, and woe to subject who refused to doff hat and do homage; a king for the stage, a pasteboard King, who gave serpents for food and stones for bread, whose pettinesses might have been treated with history's calm contempt, had they not been weighted with such tremendous consequences.' Happier for history, indeed, could it ignore the reign of Louis the Magnificent.

The shrewd, kindly face of Gen. Sam Houston is stamped upon the first leaf of *The Magazine of American History* this month, and appropriately enough it faces Miss Lee C. Harby's romantic chapter of Texan history on 'The City of a Prince.' Indians, half-breeds, greasers, rangers, trappers, priests and soldiers, nobles and commoners, jostle each other in the strange settlement which the Prince Sohns Braunsfels, as a sort of Nineteenth Century suzerain, established near the Guadalupe. Here the Baron Wedemeyer, son of a King's Prime-Minister, tilled the land for a time with the enthusiasm of a Chautauquan brother; a Baron von Nauendorf presided over a bar; a Baron von Dalbigh 'broke' horses and raced them; the Count Henkel von Donersmert, of Hesse Cassel, with a title-roll longer than his tape, kept a shop; the Baron von Meusebach, whose wife was a Count's daughter, forsook the gay life of the Viennese Court, and settled down here as a simple citizen. In fact nobility in New Braunsfels must have been more

at a discount than at Monte-Carlo, where no one confesses to anything less than a marquise. The writer, however, has added an interesting and curious contribution to the sociology of the United States, where the Lake poets were to found their pantisocratic colony; where Brook Farm and Fruitlands were called into existence, and where the Chautauquan brotherhood and the Mormons still exist.—Vol. V. of *The Forum* (March–September 1888) treats of sixty-four different subjects of contemporaneous concern. Articles there are on social science, by Edward Atkinson, W. H. Mallock, Alice W. Rollins, Leonard W. Bacon and Howard Crosby; scientific papers by Charcot, Meredith Clymer, Brown-Sequard, et al.; educational topics treated by Dr. Austin Flint, Andrew D. White and Bishop Gilmour; political issues discussed by Senator Edmunds, President Seelye, Henry Watterson, Geo. W. Cable and Senators Hampton and Chandler; and religious questions on which Monsignor Preston, the Bishop Chatard and Profs. Huiginn and de Lavalie, with many others, have written.

"The Rivals" at the Fifth Avenue

THE performances of Sheridan's comedy of 'The Rivals' which have taken place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre during the past fortnight have been made especially noteworthy by the coöperation of Joseph Jefferson, John Gilbert and Mrs. John Drew, who are beyond question the best living representatives of the characters they respectively assume. There has been, at one time and another, much discussion as to whether the Acres of Mr. Jefferson is a correct interpretation of the author's idea of 'Fighting Bob,' but the question is really of no importance. Stage tradition, when based upon high authority, ought to be respected, but a blind obedience to it is a clog upon originality and invention. If Mr. Jefferson has raised Acres to a far higher plane than any of his predecessors, and has made him more human, natural and sympathetic, without losing one particle of his humor, the gain is great from every point of view. It is certain that Sheridan himself would be the last man to complain of that wonderfully delicate execution which presents his own conception in a light at once more truthful and more brilliant. The triumph of the player consists in the fact that he has lifted the part out of farce into comedy, and proved that broad fun is not wholly dependent upon horseplay.

As to the Sir Anthony of Mr. Gilbert, there has been no possibility of any difference of opinion for a quarter of a century. It is one of the most convincing bits of portraiture ever seen in a theatre, and it was never better than it is to-day. Age has forgotten to be envious in the case of this noble veteran, and leaves him, on the verge of four-score, with artistic skill undiminished and natural force unabated. The Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. John Drew is another masterpiece, perfect in manner, gesture and elocution, most delightful in its sublime unconsciousness of ignorance. It will be long before such another combination will be seen. The remainder of the cast is of entirely respectable ability, but the younger players naturally suffer in comparison with the finished artists at their head.

Miss Anderson and her "Moybid" Friend

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The peculiarity of pronunciation common to many New Yorkers has been variously commented upon in THE CRITIC; and Mr. Howells's 'moybid young lady' has received a degree of attention which certainly ought to cure her of the blues, and induce her to take a rose-colored view of life. But the key to this peculiarity seems to have been overlooked, even by the novelist himself—namely, that New Yorkers are apt to give the sound of *y* only in words where the sound of *ur*, as in *urn*, occurs. Thus *burn*, *church*, *bird*, *girl*, *serve*, *earn*, *world*, *work*, etc., would be likely to be pronounced *buyn*, *chuych*, *biyd*, *gyrl*, *seyve*, *eyn*, *woyld*, *woyk*, etc. I am sure that even a casual observation will prove the correctness of this assertion. This eccentricity of American English is, however, not so noticeable as it was some years ago. A singular feature is, that it is sometimes remarked in one member of a family where the others speak the standard English (if there is such a thing), though all have been educated under the same circumstances. I think any one familiar with the mannerism of speech

alluded to, will agree with me that while pretty Miss Anderson in 'April Hopes' might have said *woyld* and *woyd*, she would never have characterized her friend as *moybid*, or declared that she *adoyed* anything.

BOSTON, Oct. 22, 1888.

MARY C. CROWLEY.

The Lounger

THE CURRENT *Book-Buyer* contains the portraits of the two most talked about authors of the day—Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Margaret Deland. The former was specially engraved, and is given the place of honor at the front of the magazine. After seeing it I should pronounce Mrs. Ward a handsome woman, though those who are looking for the points of the professional beauty will not find them here. The face is thoroughly English, the features strong, and the head unusually well-shaped and well set upon the shoulders. Under the picture is a fac-simile of the author's clear, bold, signature. This is even more English than the face. Why do we not have teachers of English penmanship in the United States—as well as of English grammar? Every letter is as perfectly formed almost as if it were engraved, though it has no more resemblance to the objectionable 'copperplate' hand than good singing has to the performances of a music-box. Mrs. Deland's portrait is the one already seen in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Catalogue. The face of the author of 'John Ward, Preacher' is also English in type. The eyes are large and thoughtful, and the intellectual brow is covered with slightly curling hair. Mrs. Deland's autograph is somewhat bolder than Mrs. Ward's; indeed, the strokes are almost as thick and black as those made by Miss Murfree's quill; but they lack the finish of the English author's style.

DO YOU WANT to know one reason why Jefferson can go on acting his very best at his present age? If you do, I will tell you. It is because he does not waste his energy by too much work. Twenty-two weeks of the year he devotes to the practice of his profession, and the other thirty to rest. He spends the hot summer weather on the Massachusetts coast; the winter months and the early spring, so unpleasant in the North, he passes on his plantation in Louisiana. To interlard his twenty-two weeks of work with thirty weeks of rest gives a zest to the former that he could not feel if he worked as continuously as some of his brother actors are obliged to do. Mr. Jefferson says that he loves to act; but he does not need to say so. No one could witness his inimitable performance of Bob Acres at the Fifth Avenue without realizing that the actor fairly 'revels' in the performance—enjoys it almost as much, indeed, as the audience does.

SOMETHING has excited Mr. Julian Hawthorne's more or less righteous wrath, and he lays about him in *America* with considerable verbal force. What exasperates him so greatly is the attempt of organized society to protect its weaker members against the pollution of impure literature. He is considering especially the case of M. Zola; and this is, in part, what he says:

The real point at issue is, not whether Zola's books are decent or indecent, but whether a government has a right to suppress indecent literature. And here I must state my conviction, that *they have* no right whatever to say a word in the matter. No man should be restricted in his right to publish whatever he pleases; no publisher should be forbidden to sell (if he can) any book. Legislation against vice is folly, and has been proved so since the beginning of laws. It is never successful; on the contrary, it always promotes what it seeks to suppress. The innocence of ignorance is impossible in this world; the only possible innocence is that of knowledge and volition. . . . And my conclusion is that corrupt freedom is better than enforced virtue—if so absurd a contradiction in terms can be admitted.

From the phrases italicized, it will be seen that Mr. Hawthorne is so incensed as to be regardless of his grammar. Or does he deliberately prefer 'corrupt freedom' to 'enforced virtue' even in the matter of literary composition? I do not care just now to argue 'the real point at issue' with him; but I should like to ask him if he thinks it would be politic for a pomologist to give the freedom of his orchard to all the boys in the neighborhood, lest they should be tempted to theft by the reputed sweetness of stolen fruit.

IT IS THE wrongdoer, nine times out of ten, who is least slothful in business. The good man is often careless, or dilatory, or both; the bank burglar is apt to be sleeplessly vigilant and industrious. I am reminded of this by the indefatigable perseverance of that perverse far-Western autograph-hunter, who now stalks the literary buck or artistic doe of the East as the 'Northwestern Literary and Historical Society,' of Sioux City, Iowa, and again runs down his game as the 'Trinity Historical Society,' of Dallas, Texas. His real name is Ben Austin, and his ruse is to elect

people of distinction to honorary membership of the body of which he subscribes himself as Secretary, and get in return an autograph letter of acknowledgment—sometimes even a photograph, if the deer be very young or very plain. I tore the mask from Benjamin's face on Nov. 13, 1886; it was then labelled the 'Northwestern Literary,' etc. Again, on May 7, 1887, I repeated the operation; the disguise then bore the name of the 'Trinity Historical,' etc. And again, on August 6 of the same year, I caught the crafty frontiersman in the act of setting a trap baited with 'Non-Resident Membership' in the Trinity Society. Yet even at this late date, one of the best known literary women in the country sends me a notification (dated Sept. 23, 1888) of her unanimous election to 'Honorary Membership' in the Society! Benjamin's appeal for a photograph, written in his own Christian and familiar hand, is accompanied by a printed request for 'extra pamphlets and volumes.' I observe that the name of the President of the Society is no longer engraved on its letter-heads. No wonder: it is 'Swindells'!

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS in this country have a way of adding new words to the American, if not to the English, Dictionary. To go back only a single Presidential term, no future treasure-house of American-English words will be complete without the 'Mugwump' of 1884. And it will be a marvel indeed if the purchasable voter be not hereafter known of all men as a 'Floater.' The word is a most convenient one to designate that class of citizens whose existence is a greater danger to the American State than the presence here of any number of alien Anarchists.

THE READING PUBLIC is informed by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth that Henry James, in her opinion, is an inferior and vastly overrated writer. It would be interesting to know what Mr. James thinks of Mrs. Southworth; but as this is a secret not likely to be divulged, it may be worth while to read what those distinguished and disinterested literary critics, her publishers, think of this lady's merits as a novelist.

She has written nothing but good novels for the fireside and furnished an amazing fund of pure and healthy entertainment to thousands of readers that have been and to many thousands more to come. The great secret of her hold upon her readers is, after her inventive genius, in framing the plots of her stories and in the brisk and wide-awake manner in which all the details are executed. There is no time for listlessness, every movement is animated, and she is not only a popular and entertaining author, but a moral one, as she inculcates propriety both by precept and by the example of her characters, which are calculated to do good to all readers. Her works should be read by all; for there is not a dull line in any one of them, and they are full of thrilling and startling interest. Her characters are drawn with a strong hand, and actually appear to live and move before us.

TO MOVE pretty quickly, too, I should think, if they are to avoid having their heels trodden on by their successors; for Mrs. Southworth is not only a powerful but a prolific story-teller. Her complete works—of which Messrs. Peterson & Bros. have just published a new edition—number forty-three volumes. Perhaps it would be safer to say they *did* number that many a few weeks ago; how many have been added since, I do not know. As the author of 'Ishmael' (a book which Mrs. Southworth considers to be 'my very best') has presumably many years of ante-mortem activity still before her, and as authors of her class, if their publishers' announcements are to be relied upon, usually produce even more abundantly after death than while in the flesh, it may not be vain to hope that the bead-roll of this writer's 'moral' works may eventually include a hundred titles no less startling than 'A Beautiful Fiend,' 'The Spectre Lover,' 'The Mystery of Dark Hollow' and 'Vivia; or, The Secret of Power.' If so, there is no time for listlessness, 'every moment' must be as animated as in one of her own tales, and she must be as 'brisk and wide-awake' in 'framing the plots of her stories' as she already is in 'executing the details.'

ANOTHER POPULAR writer of whom Mr. James perhaps thinks as little as Mrs. Southworth thinks of Mr. James, is Mansfield T. Walworth. I say it advisedly, for although the gentleman has been dead some ten or fifteen years, he is one of those writers for whose works there is such a demand, that the inexorable printer's devil pursues them even beyond the grave. 'Zahara' is the title of Mr. Walworth's latest book written in the Land of Shades. (There is something appropriately 'shady,' by the way, about the publication of a dead man's manuscript as 'A NEW NOVEL,' without note or comment, so long after he has joined the majority.) 'Nobody,' declares Mr. G. W. Dillingham, the publisher, in his advertisement of the great 'Zahara,'—'Nobody has forgotten the sensation that the earlier novels by Mr. Walworth caused, and those who enjoyed "Warwick," "Hotspur," "Stormcliffe," "Delaplaine," etc.,

etc., will be glad to see this book. *The New York Herald* says: "Neither Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, or any other modern writer of fiction can approach this author in exuberance of imagination or fancy." I suppose no one will ever take the pains to make a comparative study of the books produced before and after death by writers of this popular, prolific, and exuberantly imaginative and fanciful class; but it would make a very fascinating subject. Some popular critic may perhaps be in the mood to attempt it when he has joined these industrious ghosts himself, and is still hounded by the cry for 'copy'!

A FRIEND of mine met Coquelin in Paris two years ago, but did not become very well acquainted with him owing to his own ignorance of French and the actor's inability to speak English. M. Coquelin had heard that my friend was a lover and patron of the drama, and his face assumed a most melancholy expression. 'I hope,' said he to the person who was acting as interpreter, 'that my audiences in America will not be composed of people who know as little French as your friend.' If he had doubts on this subject up to the evening of his first appearance in New York, they must all have been dispelled then. I have never, even in Paris, seen every point so thoroughly appreciated as by the audiences that fill Palmer's Theatre to see Coquelin in all his parts. Between the people who laugh because they understand and appreciate every word, and those who laugh because they want to be thought to understand and appreciate, Coquelin finds the most responsive audiences he has ever played before.

THE READERS of Mrs. Stowe's story of 'The Parson's Horse-Race,' which appeared in *The Atlantic* for October, 1878, will be interested in the recent appearance in the Bangor, Maine, *Commercial* of the following anecdote, which a correspondent has clipped for me from the clippings-column in the *New York Times* of October 30.

There is a story now circulating to the effect that a good man living not a hundred miles from Belfast attempted some missionary work Sunday on a few wicked horsemen who were speeding their trotters on the track. He drove out to the race-course and found these Sabbath breakers engaged in trotting one of the liveliest heats he had ever seen. He was interested in the race, but his zeal in saving these lost sheep was unshaken, and he drove on to the track to expostulate and plead with them. As they didn't evince any desire to stop and talk when they came round he started in pursuit, and, having a good nag, came into the finish a close second. We have been unable to get a summary of the subsequent races, but, according to a Belfast horseman, the good man proved himself a cool driver and an opponent to be dreaded in a horse-race. Is this a case of 'unconscious cerebration'? Or did Mrs. Stowe, who once lived in Maine, get the facts for her fiction from a story then, as well as now, 'circulating' in the Pine Tree State?

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed Col. Rush C. Hawkins, the bibliophile and connoisseur, as special Commissioner of the Department of Fine Arts at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Col. Hawkins has in preparation a circular which will be sent to all American artists at home and abroad. It will contain all the rules of the Exposition governing the fine arts. Only American citizens, native-born or naturalized, are eligible to exhibit in the United States section, and they cannot exhibit except through the U. S. Commission. Intending exhibitors must forward their applications for space at the earliest possible moment. Works will be received in New York about Jan. 15, and a jury of selection will be formed consisting of representative artists.

—It is said that Mr. J. W. Bouton has brought to New York from London an original sketch by Sir Joshua Reynolds for his famous picture of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.

—At the monthly meeting of the Architectural League on Monday evening, Mr. Frederic Crowninshield delivered an interesting address on figure-painting as applied to architecture, and gave the preference to Michael Angelo and Giotto as architectural decorators over later artists.

—Benjamin Constant, the noted French painter, arrived in this city last Monday.

—The collection of pictures by George Henry Hall, exhibited last spring and not sold on account of the blizzard, was to be sold on Thursday. It includes heads, landscapes, miscellaneous subjects and still-life, besides a fine old Sixteenth Century copy of Titian's Danaë, and copies of old masters by Mr. Hall. The still-life subjects show better workmanship than the other pictures.

—*The Art Amateur* for November has two oil supplements and numerous designs for embroidery. Mrs. Candace Wheeler gives some valuable hints about braiding and embroidering street and evening gowns. The Note-Book contains severe strictures on bad or fraudulent art. An interview with the painter Verestchagin is accompanied by a reproduction of one of his pictures. The number is a very good one.

—The colored supplement of the October *Art Age* is a large lithograph, 'The Milkmaid,' after a picture by Chester Loomis. It is bad in color. Some drawings of Genoese architecture, by F. L. V. Hoppin, and some clever sketches of characters in 'Lord Chumley,' by Albert E. Sterner, make the number valuable. The Literary Gossip and the Art Notes are interesting.

—Mr. Olin L. Warner has been appointed instructor in modelling at the Academy of Design.

—A collection of fifty-nine pictures belonging to Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald of Boston was on exhibition at Leonard's Galleries previous to sale by auction last evening. A Troyon, two Corots, a Rousseau, and works by Van Marcke, Alfred Stevens, Mauve, Diaz, George, Michel and Fortuny were among the important canvases.

Plymouth Pulpit on "Robert Elsmere"

[From a sermon by Dr. Lyman Abbott, reported in *The Christian Union*.]

I WILL READ once more. Robert Elsmere is explaining to his wife his position:

If you wish, Catherine, I will wait—I will wait till you bid me speak; but I warn you there is something dead in me, something gone and broken. It can never live again, except in forms which now it would only pain you more to think of. It is not that I think differently of this point or that point, but of life and religion altogether. I see God's purposes in quite other proportions, as it were. Christianity seems to me something small and local. Behind it, around it, including it, I see the great drama of the world; sweeping on, led by God, from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth.

Christianity something small and local—that is the theology of Robert Elsmere; God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish—that is the theology of the Gospels. A religion for a special time, for a special people, for a special need, but now to be merged in some new eclectic religion, a Christ who will do for England and America as Mohammed for Western Asia and Siva for Eastern Asia, all being preparations for a new religion better than either and including all—that is the one conception. Christ of God who is gathering to Himself the hearts of all men, that when the days of trial and of discipline are ended, there shall be found standing before the throne, and before the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, men of every nation and kindred and people and tongue, giving to Him blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might, forever and ever—this is the other conception. These are not the same religions. They are not different phases of the same religion. They are not differing expressions of the same fundamental faith. They are irreconcilable antagonists. The theology of Robert Elsmere is not a Christian theology; it does not preserve the essentials of Christianity and discard its accidents. The one gives us a hero-worship, the other a worship of a revealed and manifested God; the one a tomb and a sacred memory, the other a resurrection and a living Presence; the one a precept and an example, the other a living Person and a perpetual Power; the one a Christianity that is small and local, the other a Christ who is the Redeemer of the world.

There will be some of you, perhaps, this morning who will question the wisdom of such a discussion. You will say, 'You have advertised "Robert Elsmere," a very dangerously fascinating book.' Well, for myself, I say frankly that I think the days of the Index Expurgatorius have gone by. This book will shake the faith of many; but a faith that cannot stand shaking would better be shaken. You cannot preserve the faith of your children by keeping them in ignorance of doubt and skepticism. At least that is not an experiment which I shall try on this congregation. I only ask you, as you read this fascinating story, as you reflect upon it, or as you think of the fascinating philosophy of which it gives such a dramatic and oftentimes beautiful expression, I only ask you to remember what it takes away and remember what it leaves you. It takes away a God manifest in the flesh, and leaves you a human hero. It takes away a living Saviour, and leaves you an entombed corpse. It takes away the power of God in human life, and leaves you a law, a hero, and a cross. It takes away a Christianity that is as universal as the love of God, and leaves you a human Christ and a Christianity that is local and temporal. St. John saw the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven. That is Christianity

The barbaric peoples tried to build a tower of Babel, that by it they might climb to heaven. That is the Religion of Humanity. Will you take for your faith the tower of Babel, built up by man from earth, or the New Jerusalem, let down by God from heaven?

Alphonse Daudet

[George Saintsbury, in *The St. James's Gazette*.]

IN CERTAIN respects M. Alphonse Daudet is probably the most fortunate novelist, if not the most fortunate man of letters, now living in Europe. In saying this I am not thinking of that 'Palace of the Peri' which, according to a statement quoted the other day in *The St. James's Gazette*, he inhabits. The diamond turrets of Shadukiam and the fragrant bowers of Amberabad (which appear to be in this case modestly represented by bookcases inlaid with ivory) do not seem to be specially suitable abodes for a man of letters. That M^{me} Daudet, on the same and other authority, is both able and willing to copy out her husband's rough drafts—a most detestable business to do for oneself—and to administer even such major cares of the capable amanuensis as setting redundancies, omissions, and errors straight, is no doubt a greater blessing; but still not what is meant. M. Daudet's special gift of the fairies is that he pleases the vulgar without, as a rule, displeasing the critics. He cannot pretend, no doubt, to the success in editions and thousands either of his friend M. Zola or M. Ohnet. But the man of combined morals and taste bestows upon him no such epithets as those which he rightly bestows on M. Zola, and the person who has some faint idea of what literature is passes him not by with smile or sneer, as he passes, rightly also, M. Ohnet. How thus to make the best of both worlds is not a secret commonly attained, at any rate for some years, by the worker in popular literary crafts. But M. Daudet attained it almost as soon as he left off the childish things of verse (which we all write and some of us publish) and of the plays which, in France if not here, they all write likewise and some of them get acted. From, at latest, the publication of 'Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné,' his first ambitious novel fourteen years ago, he has been taken seriously as well as bought. It does not happen to every one to be taken seriously and also bought.

In more ways than one the author of 'L'Immortel' (which, it may be said pretty safely, will not be the book that immortalizes its author) deserves this double luck. In freedom from certain defects as well as in possession of certain merits, he is far above all living French novelists, except the veteran M. Feuillet. He has dabbled in realism to his wounding, and in naturalism to his hurt; but it is impossible to conceive him signing or writing anything like the dull grime of 'Germinie Lacerteux' or 'Pot-Bouille.' Whatever he does, whatever he has done, from the 'Lettres de Mon Moulin' and 'Le Petit Chose' to his last lampoon on the Academy, has been a work of art: of art more or less good—sometimes, *me judice*, very far from good; but still a work of art, and therefore different, not in degree but in kind, from anything that could possibly be produced by the naturalist 'processes.' His characters are alive. His dialogue is dialogue that might be actually spoken, corrected and heightened, as all artistic representations of the actual ought to be. His descriptions are true without being labored. His plots are worked out, and sufficient without being intricate or obtrusive. Last, and best of all, he has wit at will, as they said in the good old days; and not only wit but humor. That extraordinary insensibility to the ludicrous which now broods over almost the whole of French literature extends no part, or only the merest fringe, of its leathern wings over M. Daudet. He sits and sports in the sun, for the most part quite conscious when he is sporting and when he is not. How good, how rare, are all these gifts! and how ungracious it is to come to the 'and yet.' And yet I think myself that, on the whole, the literary merits of M. Daudet are considerably exaggerated by the popular opinion both of readers and of critics, and that at least two great and almost damning defects have escaped due notice in his serious work. For I put the Two Tartarins aside as sacred, and should like to place them on an altar and burn a solemn set of their companions before them.

A very few dates and facts may be useful before going further. M. Daudet was born in 1840, and he very early went through those dolorous experiences of an usher which helped him to write 'Le Petit Chose.' He came to Paris when he was seventeen, and for eight years owed an easily earned livelihood to the Duc de Morny; whom he repaid, as most men know. He was a diligent penner of stanzas, haunter of theatres, cultivator of 'the wits.' In the manner, or something like the manner, which he has described in the ingenious articles collected and reprinted in 'Trente Ans de Paris,' he made one of the famous quintet of friends and men of letters, wherein he himself stood as a very curious and interesting middle term between the genius of Flaubert and Tourguéneff and the laborious talent of MM. de Goncourt and Zola. He had the happi-

ness and the good sense to marry early and marry for love; and after a sufficient number of lesson-years he began to write the novels which the public almost at once began to read. He has every year or two issued something of the series which begins ('Le Petit Chose' having been both written and published earlier) with 'Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné,' and which ends for the present with 'L'Immortel,' passing through 'Jack,' 'Le Nabab,' 'Les Rois en Exil,' 'Numa Roumestan,' 'L'Évangéliste,' and 'Sapho.' Besides these, there are the early, and for the most part admirable, sketches of the 'Lettres de Mon Moulin,' certain poems and plays, divers short stories (of which the best known in England is the pleasant child's book called 'La Belle Nivernaise'), and the *carum caput* of Tartarin of Tarascon in his two histories—the Iliad in Algeria and the Odyssey on the Alps.

Of these last I decline to say anything but good. I will not admit that the Nihilist heroine and the magnificent *blague* as to the complete exploitation of Alpine phenomena by the Swiss hotel-keepers, are inferior to the massacre of the donkey and to the Moorish beauty of the many pipes. One good thing is never inferior to another good thing because it happens to come second in order of time; and the popular belief to the contrary is a vile and vulgar heresy. I am content with either; but I own I prefer both. The admirers of M. Daudet, however, will not let you devote yourself to Tartarin—that is a kind of sacrilege, a substitution of the by-works of the master for his masterpieces. These masterpieces are to be found in the series of works noticed above, and it is to these that we must address ourselves. Now, while maintaining the good things said already of M. Daudet's literary characteristics, I am unable to admire, or even to like without the largest allowances, this said series of works. They seem to me to suffer from two great and pervading faults: the first is what may be called ethico-aesthetic in character; the second æsthetic, or rather literary, by itself.

It must be perfectly evident to any one who has read M. Daudet's reminiscences, and long before their publication it was evident to any one who had accustomed himself to literary criticism, that M. Daudet's method was first of all and most of all a method of what is called in French *reportage*, though of a *reportage* glorified and sometimes half excused by the art which is used in it. In his famous 'declaration' to 'Le Nabab' he has partly admitted the charge *sans phrase*, partly defended himself with excuses or denials which amount to a plea of guilty. In his 'Thirty Years of Paris' it is just the same. He tells us with a modest pride that this or that incident, this or that person, furnished him with such a situation and such a character. Now, of course, every great novelist borrows from life: if he did not he would not be a great novelist. But *how* does he do it, and with what object and in what spirit? I venture to say that M. Daudet does it with the wrong object and in the wrong spirit. If I may take an illustrative example in our own recent literature, I will take the famous characters of Skimpole and Foker. Both of these, we know from external evidence, were taken from real life; both annoyed sufficiently, or more than sufficiently, the originals or the representatives of the originals. But how do the two present themselves to the reader—the impartial critical reader of to-day? In Skimpole he sees, if he has any literary eyes, that certain literal peculiarities of a living person have been borrowed—exaggerated no doubt; and that the representation of the peculiarities of the living person, and not the opportunity of hitting off a perennial type, has been the first object, conscious or unconscious, of the borrower. In Foker he sees just the opposite. Both are extremely amusing. We do not care whether we have heard of the living Foker or not, whether there ever was a living Foker: we care all the more for Skimpole because he was either an illegitimate or an ill-natured 'skit' at a friend.

And it is in the latter class that M. Daudet's appeal to the vulgar, if not to the critics, almost always lies. In his two first famous works, though the sources are undoubtedly of the same, the character of the treatment is different. But from the 'Nabab' onwards there is no mistaking the novelist-interviewer. I have no doubt that M. Daudet is a most honorable man. As was once remarked of an English journalist of more notoriety than good fame by an apologetic friend, 'If you specially tell him that what you are going to say is private and confidential talk, I really do not think he would put it in the paper.' But let any one read M. Daudet's books, and then let any one turn to his *Memoirs*. Let him read the account of that most pathetic Drummer Buisson, of Philoxène Boyer, and of others, and ask himself very simply whether M. Daudet would, as a rule, hesitate between his popularity—his popularity of the base modern kind which consists in personal detail—and his friend? I fear myself that he would not. The counterparts of Mora and Jenkins, and the rest in 'Le Nabab,' are known, admitted, undeniable. For 'Les Rois en Exil' I can only say that, when I read it or see it, I think of certain words in a book by a French novelist

quite other than M. Daudet, 'Salut à la majesté tombée,' and prefer that motto. M. Daudet, I believe, has always denied that Numa Roumestan is Gambetta. Can he deny that he would never have written the book but for Gambetta's popularity? Take 'L'Évangéliste,' again. Had there been no Salvation Army, no Maréchal Booth, should we ever have had that? As for 'Sapho,' he seems to have diverged there a little from his track. His books, it would seem, were under the reproach of being too 'honest.' It was necessary to show what he could do in the other way; and it was very cleverly done. The dedication to 'my sons when they are twenty' is an old trick—perhaps still good; though I should say that our sons, when they are twenty, are not at all likely to be warned off that particular rock of the Sirens by any print books from Terence to M. Daudet. And then we have 'L'Immortel,' still with the same appeal. Of course the vulgar like to have a body such as the Academy run down. Of course the amiable references to this and that man of letters, to that and this lady who likes to entertain men of letters, are appetizing; but how does a book like this stand from the point of view of art? Is there not, to begin with, something a little absurd in M. Daudet satirizing the Forty as a group of imbeciles and pedants and coxcombs? He writes good French; but the best French he ever wrote is not quite so good as M. Renan's. There is pathos in 'Jack,' and passion after a kind in 'Sapho,' and clever character-studies everywhere; but where is there anything of his that will vie for pathos with 'La Petite Compresse,' for passion with 'Julia de Tréceur,' for an attempt, not at an individual tricked out with a little interviewing, but at an eternal type of character duly individualized, with 'M. de Camors'? He is witty: but how thin and accidental is his best satire compared with the pictures of the Cardinal family. He is humorous, but how merely schoolboyish is even our dear Tartarin compared with the best touches of M. Paileron. Here are four men out of the Forty who are distinctly and unquestionably M. Daudet's superiors, and there are others not far behind them. Clever as the book is—and nothing that M. Daudet writes is not clever—it fails distinctly in sanity, in universality of view. He is a reporter of the very greatest talent, not an artist of genius.

For—and this brings us to the second point—the curse of this condensation of his to the modern craze for personality is that he never can get to the type—to the type individualized or the individual typified—who is at once alive as a person and immortal as a representative. No one living can observe better than he, no one can translate the observation better (with due garnish and bait of the interviewer and newspaper reporter) into something that readers will love and critics will not hate. But for the last eternizing and generalizing touch you shall look in vain to M. Daudet: and it is exactly because of his attention to the personal, the individual, the popular, that he misses this touch. By his method he is perforce bound in the shallows and the miseries of detail; he can give photographs, he can give caricatures, but rarely, with all his art, a picture. It may be said, that if we get good literary work we need not mind faults of taste and concessions to the fashion and the appetite of the moment in the selection of subjects. But these things of themselves prevent the attainment of good, or at least of the best, literary work; and they have prevented it, as it seems to me, in this instance.

Notes

THE list of subjects in the second series of Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism,' which Macmillan & Co. will have ready this month, includes 'The Study of Poetry,' Milton, Gray, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Tolstoy and Amiel. Lord Coleridge contributes a brief preface. The volume will be ready next week.

—'Vagrom Verse,' a new collection of poems by Charles Henry Webb ('John Paul'), has just been put to press by Ticknor & Co.

—We might have added to our note on foreign editions of Prof. Remsen's books, last week, the fact that his 'Elements of Chemistry' is being translated into Japanese, for use in the schools of Japan. The English edition of his 'Organic Chemistry' is already used in that country.

—Prof. Hjalmar H. Boyesen began last Monday to deliver his course of six lectures on the Modern Novel before a private society of ladies in Brooklyn.

—The latest American additions to the Tauchnitz Series are Bret Harte's 'Millionaire of Rough and Ready,' A. C. Gunter's 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' Mrs. Burnett's 'Sara Crewe,' Marion Crawford's 'With the Immortals,' and Mark Twain's 'Selections from American Humor.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day (Saturday) 'Young Sir Henry Vane,' by James K. Hosmer, author of 'Samuel Adams' in the series of American Statesmen, with a portrait of Vane, a fac-

simile of one of his letters, etc.; 'Ireland Under Coercion; the Diary of an American,' by William Henry Hurlbert; 'Flowers and Fruit, from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe;' and the American Poets' Calendar for 1889, with portraits of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Hawthorne.

—Macmillan & Co. are to bring out a volume of papers, called 'Wordsworthians,' selected by Prof. Knight from those read before the Wordsworth Society. Matthew Arnold, Lords Coleridge and Houghton, R. H. Hutton, James Russell Lowell, Canon Ainger and J. H. Shorthouse are among the authors.

—The Round Table Club of Boston, at its monthly meeting on Thursday, was to listen to a paper by Mr. Brander Matthews, on 'The Dramatic Outlook in America.'

—'Bill Nye's Thinks,' a collection of brief humorous sketches, will be published soon by the Dearborn Publishing Co. of Chicago, which is also to issue 'Nye and Riley's Railway Guide,' the joint effort of Mr. Edgar W. Nye and James Whitcomb Riley.

—M. Bruneau, a pupil of Massenet, proposes, it is said, to compose an opera from Zola's 'Le Rêve.'

—This is what Oscar Wilde says of George Meredith:

His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language as a novelist he can do everything, except to tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of 'Richard Feverel' stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Oedipus solve his secret.

—George Meredith has sent to press a long semi-philosophic poem, entitled 'A Reading of Earth,' and is now at work on another.

—The condition of Cardinal Newman, whose illness has been aggravated by a recent fall, is said to be improving. Cardinal Manning's health is reported as failing rapidly. Tennyson, too, has for over a month been suffering from rheumatic gout, and is beginning to feel and show his age.

—Mr. F. J. Stimson's 'First Harvests,' and Mommsen's 'History of the Roman Republic' abridged by C. Bryans and F. R. Hendy, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Ticknor & Co. will issue this month 'The Other Side of War: With the Army of the Potomac,' being letters from the Headquarters of the Sanitary Commission during the Virginia Campaign of 1862, by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; 'Pen and Powder,' by Franc B. Wilkie, a war correspondent; 'The Philistines,' by Arlo Bates; and 'Better Times,' by the author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent.'

—John B. Alden has ready English versions of Daudet's 'L'Immortel' and Gogol's 'Taras Bulba.'

—The Slater Memorial Museum connected with the Free Academy of Norwich, Conn., will be opened on Thursday, the 22d inst. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton will deliver an address, and a collation will be served in the afternoon.

—'Le Rosier de Madame Husson' is the title of Guy de Maupassant's latest novel.

—M. Morel-Fatio will write of Lope de Vega, M. Yriarte and Prof. Middleton of Venice, Mr. Saintsbury of Voltaire, Mr. Fyffe of Wellington, Prof. Minto of Wordsworth, Theodore Watts of Wycherley and Prof. Geldner of Zoroaster, for the twenty-fourth and final volume of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' which will appear this month. The general index of the whole work is now in press and will be ready next year. This is the ninth edition and has been issuing fourteen years.

—Macmillan & Co. will issue very soon Canon Farrar's 'Lives of the Fathers' and Prof. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' each in two volumes.

—J. T. Trowbridge, Andrew Lang, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Sidney Lusk, Noah Brooks and Jean Ingelow are among the names on the attractive list of contributors to next year's 'Wide Awake.'

—Mr. Appleton Morgan writes to us as follows:

In last Saturday's issue of your valued journal, your reviewer says that, in my little book, 'The People and the Railways,' I 'declare' that Railroad accidents are the acts of God for which neither the companies nor their employees ought to be held responsible. Is the matter of sufficient importance for me to ask him to point out the page or pages where I make such statement or declaration?

In a chapter on 'The "Act of God" and the Railway Company,' Mr. Morgan argues strongly in support of the proposition that 'the unknown mental processes which sometimes lead a brakeman or a

track-walker,—from causes entirely and subjectively mental, to happen to think of something else than his routine duty,—ought to discharge a corporation which has no soul—if not from pecuniary damages for loss of life, limb, or property it has no agency in procuring at least from newspaper declamation.' And on page 151 he says (the italics are ours): 'It is too late in the day to call these failures, perhaps, "acts of God," but what else are they? They are not the fault of the company. The company has no control over the minds of *their* servants.' It will be seen that Mr. Morgan entirely exempts the company from *moral* responsibility for the disasters in question.

—The *Evening Post* recently contained the following note, which we reprint as apropos of the discussion in these columns of 'American English.'

The dull season has brought the usual crop of discussions, and among them one giving rise to much diversity of opinion. This is, Has Mr. Gladstone a provincial accent? This is a strange query, as showing how difficult it is to write history. Members of Parliament who constantly hear him speak cannot agree. Some say his speech is a perfect specimen of the English of the latter part of the Nineteenth Century; others that he has the accent of Lancashire, where he was born, and others again that he has a Scotch accent, derived from his parents. I am strongly of the opinion from personal knowledge that the first opinion is correct.

—Mr. Ruskin, who has been issuing a translation of the Swiss classic, 'Ulric, the Farm Servant,' in monthly parts, has the book now ready, with a preface by himself.

—By the will of John Guy Vassar, Vassar College receives \$130,000, and becomes one of three residuary legatees.

—M. François Coppée is not only working on a dramatic version of the loves of Anthony and Cleopatra, but is preparing a new volume of verses.

—Dr. E. P. Thwing of Brooklyn has just published 'Reminiscences of Rev. Caleb Bradley' (1771-1861), mainly extracts from the journal of this old-time preacher. Dr. Thwing's 'Outdoor Life in Europe' has reached its fourteenth thousand.

—Mr. Henry A. Clapp, the dramatic critic of Boston, will contribute a paper on William Warren to the December *Atlantic*.

—The first concert of the eleventh season of the Symphony Society at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday evening was, in most respects, a very delightful affair, and served to disclose the fact that the Society's band in *personnel* and spirit is far superior this year to its predecessors for some time past. It was evident, too, that from a social as well as an artistic point of view, the prospect before the Society this winter is full of promise. Mr. Darnrosch has studied with profit, and Mr. Carnegie's accession to the Presidency of the society has already had its influence. The programme last Saturday comprised Bach's first Concerto *grosso* (F-major), Haydn's most familiar Symphony in G, the overture and a quartet from Mozart's opera 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' and Beethoven's 'Heroic' symphony.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

No. 1414.—Will you kindly permit me to make inquiry, through your columns, with respect to the following matters? 1. A very charming little ballad, entitled 'Picciola,' became familiar to the public during the Civil War. It was included with a few other pieces in the gift-book, 'A Collection of War Lyrics,' published by James D. Gregory (1864). It is also in Frank Moore's 'Lyrics of Loyalty' (1864) and F. F. Browne's 'Bugle Echoes' (1886). In all these books the authorship is 'Anonymous.' I am desirous to learn whether it is of American production, and who was its author. 2. 'The Cow-Boy,' a vigorous poem, by John Antrobus, appeared some years ago in the *Cheyenne Sun*. Several letters to the editor of that paper, requesting information as to the author, have failed to obtain a response. But I find that one John Antrobus wrote a poem, 'Gone to the Battle-Field,' dated from 'Headquarters 9th Reg. Virg. Volunteers,' and found in Frank Moore's 'Rebel Rhymes' (1864). I wish to learn if Mr. Antrobus is an American,—if possible, to obtain the date and place of his birth, and his present address. If any of your readers can give me early information in reply to either of my queries, I shall be much indebted.

NEW YORK.

E. C. S.

No. 1415.—Where can I find the quotation, 'All things come to him who waits'?

NEW YORK.

S. D. R.

No. 1416.—Who wrote 'Baron Alfred T. D. T.'? It was written, I think, in answer to Tennyson's 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' and appeared in a Boston paper at about the time of the poet's elevation to the peerage.

BERGEN POINT, N. J.

A. E. S.

No. 1417.—Will you kindly inform me whether the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's 'Curiosities of Olden Time' is published in the United States?

A. R.

No. 1418.—I have just read Black's 'Adventures of a Houseboat' and have the liveliest anxiety to know the answer to the Robinson Crusoe conundrum. Can any one tell me?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. S.

No. 1419.—Can you tell me who first accused 'Owen Meredith' of plagiarizing 'Lucile' from George Sand's 'Lavinia'?

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. M. L.

No. 1420.—In an article on Robert Lytton Bulwer's poetry in THE CRITIC, Sept., 1881, it is said that a certain literary paper accused 'Owen Meredith' of plagiarism in his 'Lucile.' Can you tell me the name of that paper?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. C. H.

No. 1421.—1. Kindly inform me who wrote 'Universal Whist,' over the signature 'G. A. P.' 2. Is it known why R. A. Proctor assumed the nom de plume, 'Two of Clubs'?

CHICAGO, ILL.

S. G. L.

ANSWERS

No. 1337.—I should like to communicate with the correspondent who asks in regard to a poem of Whittier's which he has not found in any of the author's books.

431 WOOP ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

E. WATTS.

No. 1383.—Scribner & Welford have just issued a revised edition of Bullen's 'Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age.'

No. 1408.—The poem may be found in Bryant's 'Library of Poetry,' Vol. II., page 891. It is classed as anonymous.

NEW YORK.

G. F. L.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. Pansies for Thoughts. 75c.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Arnold, E. With Sa'di in the Garden. \$1.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Balsac, H. Cousin Betta. \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Besant, W. The Inner House. 30c.....	Harper & Bros.
Birdsell, E. S. Phil Preston; or, Into the Light. 90c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Bingham, G. C. A Snow Baby. 50c.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Bugle Song, and Other Poems. The. \$1.50.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Champney, E. Vassar Girls in France. \$1.50.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Christie, R. Maxims and Phrases of All Ages. 4 vols. \$5.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Croly, D. G. Glimpses of the Future. \$1.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gautier, T., and Others. Jettatura, etc. 50c.....	Brentano.
Gill, G. Charming Songs for Little Warblers.....	Boston School Supply Co.
Gladstone W. E. Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief. 15c.....	Phila.: Leonard Scott Publication Soc.
Hanslip, A. Golden Showers. 50c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Helps, A. Casimir Maremma. 75c.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Hemans, F. D. The Better Land. 40c.....	Thos. Whittaker.
Holding, C. B. 'Cash!' or, Number Nineteen. 90c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
James, H. The Aspern Papers. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Kane, J. J. Iliad; or, The Curse of the Old South Church of Boston. \$1.25.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Kellogg, W. F. Hunting in the Jungle.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Little Ones' Annual. \$1.75.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Lockwood, S. Animal Memoirs. Part II. Birds.....	Iverson, Blakeman & Co.
MacLay, A. C. A Budget of Letters from Japan. \$2.....	A. C. Armspater & Son.
Marston, W. Our Recent Actors. \$2.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Masson, G. Medieval France. \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Mathews, B. Pen and Ink.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Mitchell, W. Bryan Maurice. 50c.....	Thos. Whittaker.
Mott Street Poker Club, The.....	White & Allen.
Ohnet, G. The Iron Master.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Old Folks at Home. 75c.....	White & Allen.
Onward! A Scripture Text Book. 50c.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Pen. By the author of Miss Toosey's Mission. \$1.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Petty, W. Essays on Mankind and Political Arithmetic. 20c.....	Cassell & Co.
Poe, E. A. The Bella. 75c.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Salomon, O. The Child in the Service of the School.....	Industrial Educational Ass'n.
Smart, H. The Master of Rathkelly. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Smiley, C. W. Altruism Considered Economically.....	Salem Press.
Tax Payer. True or False Finance. 25c.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Tennyson, A. Airy Fairy Lullian. 25c.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Theuriet, A. Song Birds and Seasons. Ill. by Hector Giacomelli.....	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Tunison, J. S. Master Virgil. \$2.....	Cinn.: Robert Clarke & Co.
Wagner, C. Colorado Springs and Davos-Platz, as Winter Health Resorts.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Werner, E. Danira.....	Phila.: David McKay.
Whitman, W. November Bought.....	Boston School Supply Co.
Wood, J. G. Fifth Natural History Reader.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Woolley, C. P. Rachel Armstrong. 50c.....	W. R. Jenkins.
Zola, E. Le Réve.....	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Zola, E. Le Réve. 25c.....	